



Puck

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NOT SO HAPPY AS HE MIGHT BE.



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MAKES ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

MISS HIGHGEAR.—Yes; I regard Mr. Goodby as a model young man.
MISS NICKERS.—A '97 Model, I trust?

AN IMPROVEMENT.

FIRST CANVASSER.—Yes; I've got a political job—making a house-to-house canvass to find out how people are going to vote.
SECOND CANVASSER.—Must be a great deal easier than finding out why they don't want to buy encyclopædias.

AS IT MIGHT BE.

"Who appears for the prosecution?" asked the Judge.

"The *Daily Howler*, Your Honor," replied a tall young man, rising.

"And who represents the accused?"

"The *Daily Shouter*, Your Honor," responded another tall young man.

Thereupon the trial began in earnest.

AT YILDIZ KIOSK.

"Thessaly?" repeated the Sultan, with scorn.
"The idea! What nerve! Why, I never cede the likes!"

The Court Grammarian shuddered silently.

"Perhaps," suggested the imperial jester, who was always particular to have his jokes a shade ranker than those of his royal master, "they think your Majesty is going to cede."

IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

THE BOY.—And was silver once a precious metal?

HIS FATHER.—Yes;—at one time silver was more valuable than coal.

ONE OF 'EM.

Yes, my dear; the parallelopipedon is one of the deadly parallels.

THE THICKER the tariff wall is built the easier it is to see through it.

THE AVERAGE calamity-howler must be color-blind; he thinks the people green because they are blue.

MAN IS an animal;—too much so, in many cases.

"OH, THE fatal smile of woman!" exclaimed the Fly, as her fourth husband plunged headlong into the ice-cream soda.

THERE ARE OTHERS.



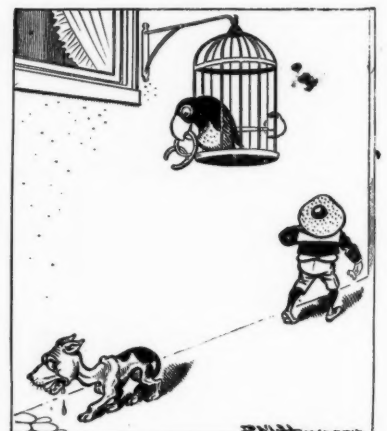
THE DOG (in a tantalizing manner).—Say! don't you wish you were a dog? See this kid coming? Well, I'm going to steal his pretzel. You'll not be in it.



THE DOG.—Say! Sonny, I want that pretzel! See?



THE DOG.—What! You will not give up? Well, I'll take it myself. Hi, there! What are you up to?



THE PARROT.—Say! Parrots have their days sometimes, as well as dogs. I'm not in it, eh?



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THE TIN PEDDLER.

JASON WHITE has come to town
 Drivin' his tin-peddler's cart,
 Pans a-bangin' up an' down
 Like they'd tear themselves apart;
 Kittles rattlin' underneath,
 Coal-hods scrapin' out a song,
 Makes a feller grit his teeth
 When old Jason comes along.

Jason drives a sorrel mare,
 Bones an' skin at all her jints,
 "Blooded stock," says Jase; "I swear,
 Jest see how she shows her p'int!
 Walkin' 's her best lay," says he,
 Eyes a-twinkl'n' full of fun,
 "Named her Keely Motor. See?
 Sich hard work to make her run."

Jason 's jest the stickiest scamp,
 Full of jokes as he can hold,
 Says, he "beats Aladdin's lamp,
 Givin' out new stuff for old;
 Buy your rags for more 'n they 're worth,
 Give yer bran' new, shiny tin,
 I 'm the softest snap on earth,"
 Says old Jason with a grin.

Jason gits the women's ear
 Tellin' news and talkin' dress,
 Can't be peddlin' forty year
 An' not know 'em more or less;
 Children like him. Sakes alive!
 Why, my Jim, the other night,
 Says "When I git big I 'll drive
 Peddler's cart, like Jason White!"

Joe Lincoln.

FEMINETTES.

A WOMAN'S UNDERSTANDING seems to consist of understanding that men don't understand her.

It may be that women have no wit, but they have a sense of humor which they perpetrate in the most exaggerated form; it is their choice of husbands.



Next to suffering religious martyrdom a woman's sweetest privilege is to believe that she has been the guiltless object of some man's hopeless love.

When a man is cornered in deviltry, he throws up his hands; when a woman is cornered, she kicks up her heels.

After a girl has experienced two or three broken engagements, it will be found that the strain has left a certain indelible mark upon her. The mark is usually \$.

Women hate snakes, and two of a trade can never agree.

The genius of masculine duplicity never ventured on such tortuous flights as a lazy girl in her efforts to appear charmingly industrious before her fiancé.

A man makes a home to escape his enemies, and a woman, to confound her friends.

Every woman under thirty believes she is an actress, and every actress believes she is under thirty.

A woman's kiss to a man is given for one of three reasons; because she wants it, or because he wants it, or because she does n't want him to know that she does n't want him to want it.

There should be a Society for the Prevention of Cruel Kindness by Mothers to an Only Child.

One of the first of his bachelor habits which a bridegroom overcomes during the honeymoon is the fancy that he is utterly unworthy of such an angelic creature.

IN DARKEST AFRICA.

THE MISSIONARY.—Here! Here! I'm shocked! What are you two fighting about?

THE COMBATANTS.—Jonah an' de whale.



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A VALUABLE ALLY.

MISS SCRIBBLER.—Do you find tobacco helps you any in your profession?
 MAGAZINE POET.—Oh, yes! It destroys the appetite.

HAMLET.

THE CLASSIC TRAGEDY IN A NEW SHAPE WITH NEW CHARACTERS.

Characters Represented.

MISS REDINGOTE	} In the Box.
MAJOR MURGATROYD	
ARTHUR DE TWIRLIGER	
MR. SIMMERSON	
MRS. SIMMERSON	
MR. BLOTTERWICK	} On the Stage.
HAMLET	
HORATIO	
THE KING	
OPHELIA	
AND OTHERS	

PEOPLE IN THE AUDIENCE, USHERS, POLICEMEN, ETC.
TIME — *The Present.*

ACT I.

MR. SIMMERSON.—I wonder why they don't get somebody to lead the orchestra that knows something about music?

MAJOR MURGATROYD.—Almost as bad as a regimental band.

BOY (*in the gallery*).—Here you are, Mike! I'm keepin' a seat for you!

BERNARDO (*on stage*).—Who's there?

FRANCISCO.—Nay, answer me, Stand and unfold yourself.

BERNARDO.—Long live the king!

MISS REDINGOTE.—Really, Mr.

DE TWIRLIGER, you are too silly.

DE TWIRLIGER (*tenderly*).

—Just one rose.

(*Men and women come in for five minutes, while the boys in the gallery shuffle their feet. Enter HAMLET. Applause.*)

MRS. SIMMERSON.—Do you think he is as good as Booth?

MAJOR MURGATROYD.—Well, Madam, it's this way.

When we compare two great actors — (*Goes on for ten minutes.*)

HAMLET.—Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt,

Thaw and resolve itself into a dew,

Or that the everlasting —

MISS REDINGOTE (*merrily*).—Oh! of course, if you mean really good looking! She is n't a bit; but she has such a sweet temper.

DE TWIRLIGER.—Aw — really!

MR. SIMMERSON.—I think the elder Booth — Ah! that was a man. I've seen that man — (*talks right along without noticing that no one is listening.*)

(*Enter the GHOST.*)

MAJOR MURGATROYD.—I remember seeing the Ghost played in Dublin to beat anything you ever saw.

THE GHOST.—Mark me!

HAMLET.—I will!

MISS REDINGOTE.—Really, Mr. De Twirliger, you are too ridiculous!

DE TWIRLIGER.—Really, now, you know. Really!

MR. SIMMERSON.—Speaking of Dublin —

(*End of Act I.*)

ACT II.

(*Enter MR. SIMMERSON and MAJOR MURGATROYD in a state of confusion, talking loudly.*)

HAMLET.—Well, God-a-mercy!

POLONIUS.—Do you know me, my lord?

HAMLET.—Excellent well. You are a fishmonger.

MR. SIMMERSON.—Oh! it's all very well to talk about reciprocity; but how about Germany?

MAJOR MURGATROYD.—

Germany! Pooh! Germany?

Look at South America!

MAN IN THE GALLERY.—

Here! Take your foot off me collar, will yer?

OTHER PEOPLE IN THE GALLERY.—Hush! Put him out!

(*Policeman puts him out.*)

DE TWIRLIGER.—Can't you believe I'm serious?

MISS REDINGOTE.—Now, don't try to be sentimental.

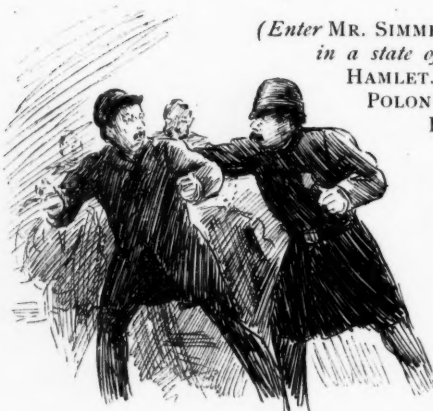
HAMLET.—Oh! what a rogue and peasant slave am I?

Is it not monstrous that this player here —

MRS. SIMMERSON.—Oh, dear, I wish I could have an ice or something cooling!

MR. SIMMERSON.—I would n't give that for South America. Now, Europe —

(*End of Act II.*)



ACT III.

HAMLET.—To be or not to be — that is the question.

Whether 't is nobler in the mind to —

MAJOR MURGATROYD.—By Jove! there's Blotterwick!

MR. SIMMERSON.—So it is! Excuse us, ladies.

(*Exeunt MR. S. and MAJOR M., knocking down two umbrellas and a chair.*)

MRS. SIMMERSON.—I believe that is a blind. They're going to get a drink.

MISS REDINGOTE.—Now, if you will promise not to breathe a word to anybody, I'll show you the letter.

DE TWIRLIGER.—I swear it!

MRS. SIMMERSON.—I wonder if anyone would notice if I went to sleep? (*Sleeps.*)

(*End of Act III.*)

ACT IV.

(*Enter MR. SIMMERSON, MAJOR MURGATROYD and MR. BLOTTERWICK.*)

DE TWIRLIGER.—Ah! how do, Blotterwick?

MISS REDINGOTE.—I have n't seen you for an age.

OPHELIA (*sings*).—He is dead and gone, lady.

He is dead and gone;

At his head a green —

BLOTTERWICK.—Ha! ha! That's good! Mrs. Simmerston, you really must tone down your husband. He is too gay.

MRS. SIMMERSON (*sniffs suspiciously*).—Yes; entirely too gay. I'll speak to him about it.

OPHELIA (*sings*).—By Gis and by Saint Charity —

BOY IN THE GALLERY.—No, you don't, neither!

ANOTHER BOY.—I don't, don't I? What's the reason I don't?

(*They fight and are put out.*)

(*End of Act IV.*)

ACT V.

(*The two Grave Diggers are discovered.*)

MRS. SIMMERSON.—I am getting dreadfully hungry.

MR. SIMMERSON.—De Twirliger will be sure to ask Miss Redingote



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NO DANGER.

MRS. GRADY (*who hates to say anything, but —*).—Mrs. Kelly, the way your daughters bang that pianney av yours frum morning till night is something outrageous!

MRS. KELLY.—Resht aisy, Mrs. Grady! — resht aisy! Ut's an old wan, and they can't hur-r-rt it anny!

to have a salad or something, and he can't very well ignore us. I wish this stupid play was over.

(Enter HAMLET and HORATIO.)

MAJOR MURGATROYD.—I don't believe I'll stay to see it out. Are you coming, Blotterwick?

BLOTTERWICK.—Yes. Really, Miss Redingote, I must do myself the pleasure of visiting you next week. By-by, Simmerson. Come along, Major.

(Exeunt, talking loudly.)

MISS REDINGOTE.—I think he is so nice.

DE TWIRLIGER (jealous).—Do you? Ah, well! (frowns.)

MR. SIMMERSON.—Do we have to see the blamed thing out?

MRS. SIMMERSON (hungrily).—Let us go before the rush. I detest the fighting, anyhow.

HAMLET.—Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy—

MISS REDINGOTE.—Now, you don't really believe that I care for him?

DE TWIRLIGER (tenderly).—And who do you care for? (They converse in whispers and give HAMLET and others a chance to be heard.)

HAMLET.—Give me the foils. Come on!

LAERTES.—Come; one for me.

SIXTY-TWO MEN IN THE AUDIENCE.—Come; let us get out.

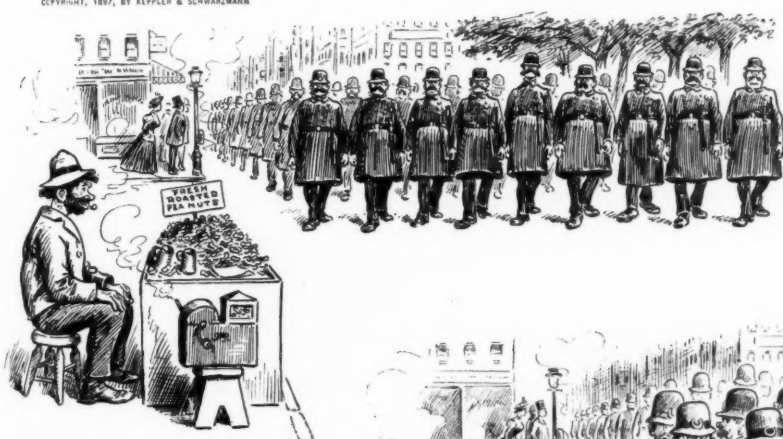
KING.—Give them the foils.

(Two hundred women put on their wraps.)

MR. SIMMERSON.—Come; let us go.

AN EVOLUTION DURING THE POLICE PARADE.

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HAMLET.—One!

LAERTES.—No!

HAMLET.—Judgment!

BOYS IN THE GALLERY.—

Safe! Never touched him!

DE TWIRLIGER.—Permit me.

(The box party goes out noisily. Half the gallery audience is going downstairs, whistling.)

HAMLET (trying to make himself heard).—As thou art a man, give me the cup.

Let go, by Heaven!—I'll have it! Oh, God!—

(mumble—mumble)—If thou didst ever—ow!—wow!—

The rest is silence.

CURTAIN.

Sidney.

IN CHICAGO.

FIRST DEACON.—Is n't the minister orthodox?

SECOND DEACON.—I'm afraid not. He seems to doubt the correctness of the last census.

"YES," SAID the goose that laid the golden egg, just prior to its demise, "I was, indeed, a goose to do it."

SOME PEOPLE think that enterprise is forcing their way into places marked "No Admittance."



COMMISERATION.

DEACON HEVENSONE.—I have n't missed going to church one Sunday in twenty years.

SOQUELY (with ready sympathy).—Yes; I guess it's like whiskey and tobacco—hard to stop it.

IN SING SING.

THE FORGER.—I understand that this new keeper is n't going to stay here long.

THE EMBEZZLER.—No; I believe he's just training to take a position as a Harlem janitor.

EGGING HIM ON.

MISS BRISK.—I do not think it appropriate that Cupid should always be pictured as carrying a bow and arrow.

YOUNG POKELONG.—Why, —er—er—it seems to me to—er—be quite fitting.

MISS BRISK.—No; he should be armed with a pop-gun.

MANY A FOOL has brains enough, but lacks the sense to use them for the right purposes.





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BLASTED HOPES.

OLD GENTLEMAN.—Why are you crying, my little man?
 SMALL BOY (*sobbing*).—I—I dreamt last night dat de school burned down, and —
 OLD GENTLEMAN (*sympathetically*).—Oh! but I don't believe that it has!
 SMALL BOY.—Neither do I—I kin see de top of it right over de hill dere!

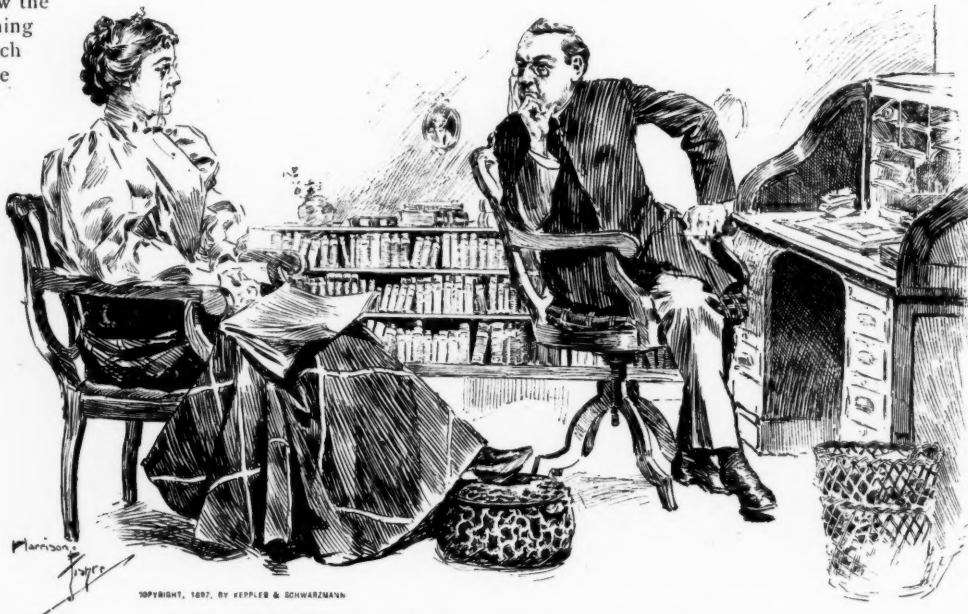
A SKETCH OF SUNNY SPAIN.

THE SCENE is in the Pyrenees. Half-hidden in the hills is the old *bodega*. See! here comes Inez, the old innkeeper's dark-eyed daughter! She glances around furtively. She speaks tremulously. It is not for herself she fears. Who would harm the only daughter of honest old Sancho, the innkeeper? But Manuel, the gallant lad she loves! He is in danger, imminent peril. Why was he not content to keep at his work in the vineyard? Gone are all those happy days. Manuel, her daring lover, is now the smuggler chief! Even now the *carbinerri* hunt him through the mountains like a dog! And Inez trembles for him. Again she glances furtively around. "He promised to meet me here," she says,

"and it is time that he came. And yet every time he comes I tremble at the risk he runs. A price is set upon his head. Even now the *carbinerri* may be watching for him, too! If they catch him his life will not be worth a song!—And, speaking of songs, why should I be melancholy? I will sing that little song we sang in the vineyards in those happier hours.—Let her go, Professor!"

And there, in the Spanish mountains at Brocter's Continuous Vaudeilles, under the bright rays of the calcium light, Miss Mamie Hanks, of the Nonpareil Sketch Team of Haggerty and Hanks, opened their own refined act, "The Spanish Smuggler," with her stirring, successful song, "I'm the Hottest Coon That Cuts the Dingies Down!"

R. L. M.



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A GOOD INDICATION AS FAR AS IT GOES.

HIS WIFE.—Well, I'm surprised that young Mr. Jenkins turned out wrong! He seemed to be such a good young man, and he sang so beautifully at meeting.
 THE PASTOR.—Well, you can tell much more about a man's voice from his singing than you can about his soul.

HIS CONFESSION.

"Tell me, Doctor," asked the ambitious young disciple of Galen, eagerly, "what was the most dangerous case you ever had?"
 "In confidence, now that I am about to retire from practice," answered the veteran physician, frankly, "I will confess that it was my medicine-case."

A POSSIBLE TRIUMPH.

SAM.—Dat ole preachah hab got de notion dat de world am gwine to run inter de sun next month an' git burned up.
 BILL.—I doan' take no stock in sech t'ings happenin'.
 SAM.—Well, if it do happen, he 'll hab de grand laugh on us!

FREAKS OF THE FROST.

"Yes," said the red-faced man; "I've been up in Alaska for over a year. Great Zero! but it's cold. Moonbeams used to freeze and stick out on the earth like bristles till the sun had been up for hours. But there was one thing about the cold that was rather funny."
 "What was that—freeze so the circulating medium could n't circulate?"
 "No; it was this way: Along in the Winter, when a man would try to speak, his words would freeze as fast as they left his lips. But that is n't the queer part. Along about June they would thaw out and nearly scare people out of their overcoats."

WHAT DID SHE MEAN?

BELINDA LOVES to cause me
 Twixt hope and fear to toss,
 But what to make of this thing
 I really am at loss.

For when Jack Smithers (dash him!)
 Asked her his wife to be,
 She answered she was sorry
 She was engaged to me.

McLandburgh Wilson.



NOT TRUTHFUL.

"He is the worst hypocrite I ever knew."
 "In what way?"
 "In all ways. He actually asserts that he tried cycling and did not like it."

A MENTAL PICTURE.

"I suppose you've read the descriptions of the Klondike?"
 "Some of them. I've pictured it to myself as a region where you can't go skating on account of the mosquitos."

WHY SHOULD HE?

JABBERS.—I woke up last night and found a burglar in my room.
 HAVERS.—Catch him?
 JABBERS.—Certainly not. I'm not making a collection of burglars.

A REASON.

DRUGGIST.—I think we ought to sell bicycles.
 ASSISTANT.—Why?
 DRUGGIST.—Nearly all the doctors prescribe them.

POOR CHICAGO.

CHICAGOAN.—I was only a day in Rome.
 GOTHAMITE.—I suppose you saw all the wonders you could in so short a time?
 CHICAGOAN.—You bet I did!—I was all through a macaroni factory.

THERE IS a good deal of satisfaction to be derived from deceiving people who think they are deceiving you.



PUCK.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of Puck is \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,
Publishers and Proprietors.

Wednesday, October 6, 1897. — No. 1074.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

SOME TARIFF RESULTS.

THE AVOWED AIM of the present tariff law is both practical and beneficent. It is to provide revenue and to foster American industries. It is true that its most cordial admirers claim more for it: they claim it has enabled President McKinley to afflict Europe with a wheat famine and to bestow an unusually large crop of that staple upon the American farmer. But such fervid champions of the law are in the minority and are scarcely scientific; for it is revealed by an examination of the World's crop conditions that President McKinley did not bring them about. They have resulted from forces that were in operation long before he was President. In truth, the strictly scientific and reasonable admirers of the law claim for it only its face-value. They might not deny that it has pleased an all-wise Providence to set other forces to work for them, as a reward for their return to the true fiscal faith; but they are not strenuous on this point. They confess that the law will and should be judged according to the virtue with which it keeps its promises.

The first of these promises, that of needed revenue, is being broken. Possibly it is being broken past mending, for, on the word of a High Priest of Protection, Senator Aldrich, the adoption of a revenue bill creating a serious deficit "would certainly be fatal to the hopes of any political party responsible for such legislation." During its first six weeks the law achieved a deficit of over seventeen million dollars. The gentleman whose namesake it is now predicts that this deficit will be swelled to fifty million dollars by the end of its first year. We surmise that this estimate of Mr. Dingley's errs on the side of conservatism, if it errs at all.

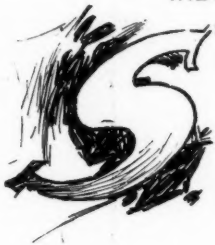
As to how the law is keeping its second promise to foster American industries, much depends upon what the people expect from the "foster-

ing" process. The Protectionist theory is that manufacturers are altruists of the highest type who want exorbitant prices for their wares in order that they may bestow princely salaries upon their workmen. The manufacturer's heart bleeds for American labor, and he lives only to enrich it,—in Protectionist literature. It must be admitted, however, that heretofore the manufacturer has followed a certain business-like rule of paying his workmen just what they would work for and no more. And it is to be feared that, even under the present law, he is still prone to abide by this narrow and unMcKinleyish interpretation of the word "foster." An eloquent illustration of this unfortunate but extremely human tendency is at hand. The Association of Knit Goods Manufacturers met recently and agreed to raise the prices of their wares from 15 to 40 per cent., and this for three reasons: the tariff permits it, the stock is low and the farmer has a pocket-full of money. It was further resolved by these tariff-made philanthropists that "if it is necessary to carry out the above resolution we will curtail production even to the stoppage of our mills." That is, they are ready to "foster" American industry, even if they must throw 75,000 workers into idleness and starvation to do it. It will be seen that "foster" is a versatile and accomplished word. It is loaned to the makers of tariff laws by the manufacturer and acts well its part; but when the manufacturer gets it back he takes off its gold spectacles and long white whiskers and other insignia of benevolence and sets it to work to increase his profits, at anybody's expense that happens to be in range. From which it is plain that there may be two opinions as to whether our tariff-law is keeping its second promise any better than its first.

WHY THIS TEMPER?

MR. PLATT'S EFFORTS to be convincing and impressive in the cast-off regalia of last year's sound money campaign are not being furthered by his friends as tactfully as they might be. There is too fragile a temper displayed in their ranks. If we must believe, to be saved, that Sound Money is the only issue proper to our municipal campaign, persuasion and not abuse is the best medium of enlightenment. But Mr. Platt's helpers seem not to have divined this. His newspaper, the New York Sun, is especially obtuse. The Sun loses its temper in Mr. Platt's behalf regularly every morning. When Congress was in session and was being appealed to by the business interests of the country to remedy the ills of our monetary system the Sun opposed the appeal with that fine suavity which flavors its opposition to about 95 per cent. of the things that are right and rational. A caloused and intrepid statistician, whom we secured for the labor at a reasonable figure, informs us that within a period of three months ending on the day that Mr. Platt began to fight the Free Silver demon in New York, the Sun printed 147 editorials in which it pronounced Bryanism dead, and ingeniously questioned the sanity, patriotism, honesty and common decency of all who dared to hint that any further step was necessary to the stability of our finances. And throughout this doddering it was most amiable. Now, in taking the opposite side why can it not exhibit the same easy grace? For, when the Sun is unamiable in its doddering it ceases to be funny; and when it is n't funny it has no excuse for being. The National honor and Mr. Platt can not be preserved by calling good folks bad names and sneering, however wittily, at respectability.

INDOLENT DAISY.



HE'S FAIR of face, is Daisy,
Of earth she seems the salt;
She says she's tandem crazy,
But has a grievous fault.

This fault is not endearing
Her charms to Reggie's breast,
For, while he's pumping, steering,
Sweet Daisy does the rest.

Earle H. Eaton.

AN UNIMPORTANT OBJECTION.

FRIEND.—Dr. Waters seems to be a very able member of your party. It is a wonder he has never been nominated for President.

PROHIBITIONIST.—But Dr. Waters is an Englishman by birth. He is n't eligible.

FRIEND.—What difference does that make?

HE APPRECIATES THE COMPLIMENT.

"Ah!" said the editor, gleefully; "here is a glowing tribute from our rival, the Daily Yell."

"Indeed?" said his assistant. "What is it?"

"Why, they print the news we published exclusively yesterday, and say they have it from the very best authority."

DURING THE RISE.

FIRST OPERATOR.—Of course I'm a bull on wheat.

SECOND OPERATOR.—So am I. Come and take a horn.

NOTHING TO SPEAK OF.

HE.—Then you consider our seaside engagement no engagement at all?

SHE.—Merely a Cuban-Spanish one.



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FOUND WANTING.

REV. SAINTLY.—Ah, sir! When that new planet breaks away from the sun the temperature on earth will rise to 1000 degrees Fahrenheit! Are you prepared for that?

SUMMER HOTEL PROPRIETOR (aghast).—Great Scott! No. I've closed up my hotel and let all the help go!



Everybody knows that the great Klondike boom was brought about by Pre



The alliance between France and Russia is a fine thing, and it is all on account of President McKinley being in office, too.



The unprecedented cordiality of the Prince of Wales toward rich Americans shows President McKinley's wonderful power and influence.



Joshua and Moses, the great wonder-workers of the Bible times were not President McKinley beats them hollow at the miracle business.



brought about by President McKinley.



The price of bicycles has been reduced, and President McKinley did it, of course.



And we owe the big crops and the high price of wheat to that great and good man, President McKinley—anybody can see that.

ible times were not in it—
siness.

DID IT ALL.

BY MAGICIAN MCKINLEY, SINCE HIS INAUGURATION.

THE BOBBLEYJOCK.

(With Apologies to Mr. R—d K—g, if He Will Apologise for Having Written "007.")



"IS THE truth Oi'm tellin' ye," said Gravel-car 411107, through the iron fence beyond Track 12, of the passenger station; "'t is dhirty dhrummers an' cryin' kids ye'll be a-carryin', an' a Baltimore naygur for your portner; the black curse of Shielygh be on 'im!"

The shiny new sleeper on Track 12 shivered in its trucks with vexation. "I'm sure you're a very common person," it said; "and I can't think what makes you speak so. Why, I've two staterooms with solid silver fittings, and I know they're to be occupied by bridal parties every run; and, telescope my vestibules! if anybody is ever to ride in any of my other sections but millionaires flying to meet their long-lost sons."

"Ye give me flat spots, me son. Ye'll carry whoiver an' whatever has got the price; an', as sure as your name's Bobblejock, ye'll learn the ould song av the Pullman before ye've been on the road three wakes."

But the Bobblejock stared coldly with all his starboard windows, and made no reply.

"Shiver me sideboards, an' smash me couplin's! Shove me off the dump, but it's the Bobblejock ag'in! Bobbley, darlint, have the weddin' couples an' the millionays come along on schedule time?" said 411107, when they met in the yards a month later.

"Don't ask me!" growled the other. "My very first run I had a funeral party of Congressmen, and they all went to bed with their boots on. Then there's been a dreadful woman with a lunch-basket and a baby, every trip; and that confounded *à la carte* dining-car keeps people from finding out what nice things I have in my buffet, and I've no pride left; I'm nothing but a slave."

"Oi tould ye so," said the Gravel-car, nodding both its draw-bars.

Go and stand beside the track at 11.23 P. M. If the Pea Green Express is on time, you may see the humbled Bobblejock bringing up the rear, and hear it intone the Song of the Pullman:

"Two dollars—a berth—a night,
Two dollars—a berth—a night,
The porter—takes—whatever's—in sight,
Two dollars—a berth—a night."

F. K. Farr.

A DISTURBING THOUGHT.

FULLSATICK.—Whee-e-e, boys! Les—hic—les zing "Wo-won' go—hic—home—hic—go home till mornin'."

HENRY PECK.—Donz do zat, boys! Hic—don' doz-anthig kind—hic! Les zing somp'n cheerful.

HER AWFUL WILDNESS.

"Miss Fanny Flitters is kinder giddy, ain't she?" inquired the young man from Poganeck, who was visiting an acquaintance in Ruralville.

"Kinder giddy?" ejaculated the young Ruralvillain, in a hoarse whisper. "Why, she's the wildest girl that ever lived in this town! By gosh! Jay, she was seen flirtin' with one o' them Uncle Tom's Cabin actors last week!"

JEWELRY.

She was so ablaze with jewels,
It was somewhat a matter of doubt

With the managers of the function,
If she ought n't to be put out.

A MAN MAY try to look bored, but there never was one yet who could keep from smiling at a baby show.



MERELY AN IMITATOR.

BURNSTEIN.—Dot feller, Isaacs, has no originality apout him votefer. He schoost depends on findin' oudt odder beoples met'ods of doing peezness.

LEVY.—How so?

BURNSTEIN.—Vy, I never haf a fire but dot he gomes aroundt der first ding in der morning, askin' me how it habbened!



TO SET HIM AN EXAMPLE.

MISS REELTHING.—I wish I were a man!

CHOLLY.—Why?

MISS REELTHING.—I'd smoke great, big, strong, black cigars!

HIS PROPER SPHERE.

"Young man," said the veteran manager, "your melodrama shows originality and imagination."

"Are you serious?" asked the young playwright, doubtfully.

"Perfectly," said the manager; "but you should n't lose time writing plays; a man of your talent should be a theatrical press agent."

AT THE CAMPAIGN MEETING.

"I repeat," said the orator, emphatically, "that I have not the slightest fear of successful contradiction—"

"Of course not!" sneered the man in the back of the hall. "You're used to successful contradiction."

Whereupon, a policeman put him out.

THEIR SENTIMENTS.

"No," said the Turkish statesman; "I don't believe in sending missionaries abroad."

"Guess not," replied Abdul Hamid; "there's enough missionary work to be done at home."

Soon afterward another band of enthusiasts started for Armenia, bearing the sword in one hand and the Koran in the other.

A HARLEM TRANSLATION.

"What does *festina lente* mean?"
"Make Rapid Transit slowly."

WHEN A WOMAN reads of a man killing himself for the sake of another woman, she looks flattered herself.

A CHANGE OF WEAPON.

FROM a clump of graceful palms,
Sheltered in a little nook,
Rose the subtlest of charms—
Music, so bewitched it took
Every hearer, though he be
Much averse to Arcady.

Frozen breast of coldest maid
Softened; hearts for long benumbed
Loved again, their griefs allayed;
Men and maidens, all succumbed.
Stood on any spot a pair?—
Sweethearts twain were cooing there.

From behind a little tree
Cupid peeked; when he perceived
All his gains he smiled; quoth he:
"Bow and arrow ne'er achieved
Such success as I shall win
With my bow and violin."

Layton Brewer.

ETHEL.—What kind of a man is this Mr. Rushington you speak of so often?

JACK.—Well, he is what we men call a good fellow!

ETHEL.—Mercy! As bad as that?



SPORTING BLOOD.

EPHRIAM GEEHAW (of Hay Corners, complacently).—I know how the feller must have felt that bust the bank at Monte Carlo!

SI OTECAKE (shocked).—You hain't been playin' checkers fer money, hev you, Eph?

EPHRIAM GEEHAW.—No; but, b' gosh! I put pennies in a slot machine when I was in tew town, yisterday, till the gol darn shebang would n't give down no more gum!

ADVANCE OF CIVILIZATION.

SCOTTY.—Yep; that's ole Howling Ike. Useter be the terror of the camp.

VISITOR FROM THE EAST.—You don't say so! He looks quite civil and respectable, I'm sure. Was he converted?

SCOTTY.—You betcher life he war! We 'lected his ole woman sher'f.

MITIGATION.

Satan frowned loweringly.

"I wonder," his infernal majesty mused, "why those souls doomed to scorch during eternity have suddenly ceased to weep and wail and gnash their teeth. Can it be that somebody has smuggled them in a cyclometer?"

Such a thing seemed hardly possible; for among the help there was a devotion to duty, and an *esprit du corps* that was the subject of universal remark.



MORE DECEIT.

MRS. GADDINGTON.—I don't like her at all, dear. She is a deceitful woman. The other day she tried to get me to say something against you.

MRS. BUBBLINGTON.—She did? How?

MRS. GADDINGTON.—Why, she asked me to tell her confidentially what I really thought of you!

LONELYVILLE REALITY.

FIRST LAND IMPROVEMENT OFFICER (looking over their new "addition" to the suburb of Lonelyville, dubiously).—Don't you think it will be—er—a trifle hard for us to sell these lots out here, a mile and a half further up the road from the Lonelyville station?

SECOND OFFICER (confidently).—No; dead easy! We'll simply move the Lonelyville station up here till we've sold 'em all, and then we can move it back again.



A BRIGHT THING TO GET OFF.

PROUD FATHER.—That boy of mine gets off so many bright things.

VISITOR (nervously).—He does, eh? Would you mind asking him to get off that high hat of mine?

THE CELEBRATED SOHMER Pianos are the Best.

Warerooms: 149-155 E. 14th St., New York.
CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells—

S O H M E R.

NEITHER a cantelope nor a woman are as sweet as they look, and very few can pick out a good one.—*Atchison Globe.*

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A Natural Genuine Champagne, fermented in the bottle, two years being required to perfect the wine.

Our Sweet and Dry Catawba and Port are, like all our Wines, made from Selected grapes, and are Pure Wines.

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MAKES
FLESH AND BLOOD
AVOID SUBSTITUTES

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made in the shape
of a stogie—

STANDARD PITTSBURGH STOGIES

but the quality
is there.

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Direct or from dealers.

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AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN.—Now, sir, you have all the details of my new manufacturing scheme. If we succeed, we'll make millions.

TIMID CAPITALIST.—But if we should fail?

AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN.—Fail? In the bright lexicon of American enterprise there's no such word as fail—because whenever a thing does n't pay we can always unload it on an English syndicate.—*New York Weekly.*

WANDERING MIKE.—What does the sign L. A. W. mean at some of the hotels?

WILLY DRINK.—Lager and whiskey, I suppose.—*Norristown Herald.*

HEUBLEIN'S CLUB PUNCH

A SCIENTIFICALLY COMPOUNDED ARTICLE, MADE ONLY OF THE VERY CHOICEST MATERIALS, AND READY TO SERVE IN A MINUTE; NOTICE, JUST THE THING FOR AN AFTERNOON-TEA, EVENING-PARTY, YACHT OR PICNIC. IT MAKES ENTERTAINING EASY.

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QUICK CONVERSION.

SMALL BOY.—What'll I do with this money bank?

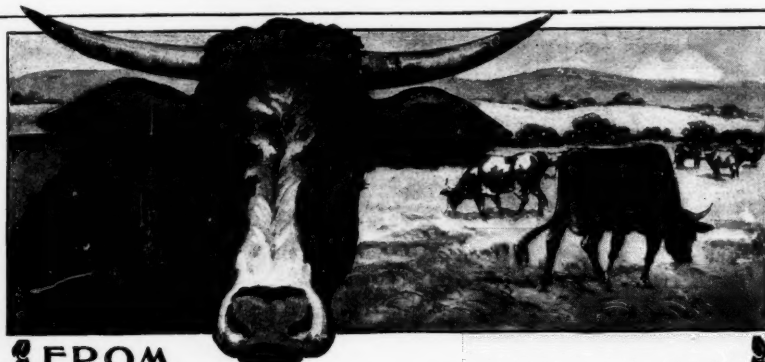
MAMA.—Put it away, of course. It has a dollar in it that your aunt gave you, and some change your Pa and I put in.

"Not now. There is n't any money in it now. I spent it."

"Spent it? What did you do that for?"

"Why, the minister preached so hard against hoardin' up riches, that I got converted and spent what I had."—*New York Weekly.*

"I WOULD n't mind the price of flour rising," said the householder, sadly, as he paid his extra \$1.50 a barrel, "if it would only take my wife's bread with it."—*Washington Capital.*



FROM PASTURE TO KITCHEN

From the beef "on the hoof" to the Extract in the jars, the Liebig COMPANY controls the manufacture of its Extract of Beef. Hence its purity and fine flavor. Get the genuine with blue signature and avoid disappointment.

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Sarasate write: "When taking Vin Mariani, years count for nothing; one remains always young."

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verifies distances.
It interprets the four books.
DUST-PROOF.
WATER-PROOF.
POSITIVELY
ACCURATE.
AT ALL DEALERS.
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Shows large, plain figures weight, 1 oz.; length 3 1/2 in. Beware of imitations. Booklet free.
VEEDER MFG. CO.,
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Best of all Cocktail or Tonic Bitters.

5 Bottle of this is equivalent to a bottle of the best of the others.

1 Bottle is as good as a bottle of most of the others.

For sale by all Leading Jobbers and Retailers.

THE people who think it is wicked to buy lottery tickets must have trouble in reconciling their consciences to buying cantelopes.—*Atchison Globe.*

See our Exhibit at the American Institute Fair, Madison Square Garden, now open. Dr. Siegel's Angostura Bitters, Eiffel Tower Fruit Juices, White's Jelly Crystals. Be our guests at the Fair. We will treat you well.

ADVISE your friends not to start for Klondike. Your course toward others is plain.—*Roxbury Gazette.*

After all the competition at the World's Fair, Cook's Imperial Champagne took the gold medal. It's extra dry.

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Absolutely
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Very Old.
Delicious
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EDW. B. BRUCE & CO., Baltimore, Md.

SAME EXCUSE.
BLINKS.—The paper says the Czar is a very illiterate man.
WINKS.—Not up in the classics, eh?
BLINKS.—Worse. They say his letters are full of errors in orthography.
WINKS.—But, my dear sir, just think! He has to spell in Russian. — *New York Weekly*.

PRISCILLA.—When Charley started to kiss Clara, the other night, she called out for help.

PATRICE.—Could n't she hold him alone? — *Yonkers Statesman*.

WALKER.—Did you say your wife's a member of a secret society?

TALKER.—It was secret before she joined. — *Norristown Herald*.

WHAT a scandal it would cause if an undertaker gave way to cheerfulness, and whistled at his work! — *Atchison Globe*.

ED. PINAUD'S 37 BOULEVARD DE STRASBOURG. PARIS EAU DE QUININE HAIR TONIC.

THE BEST HAIR RESTORER.
A POSITIVE DANDRUFF CURE.
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adulterated by admixture with any other oil or
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QUALITY AND FLAVOR.

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A. R. Ledoux Pres.

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MIGHT BE WORSE.

WIFE.—John, there's a burglar in the house!
HUSBAND, fervently.—Thank goodness he's not out in the woodshed—my wheel is out there!

Those Fine English Tobaccos

Put up by W. D. & H. O. WILLS of Bristol, England,
and famous the world over for their superb flavor and exquisite aroma, can
be obtained for you by your dealer. If he will not get them, write to us for price-list of the well-known brands.

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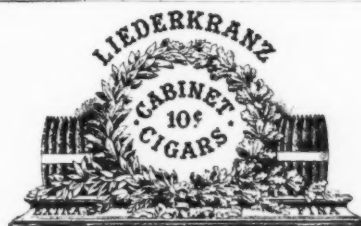
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by the careful grinding which leaves the pens
free from defects. The tempering is excellent
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New and exquisite patterns and colorings by our
own designers.

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Yale Mixture

A Gentleman's Smoke

IN BOSTON.
MISS BROWNING.
—Why do you persist in being so naughty?
BROWNING BEANS.
—You don't want me to die, do you, Auntie; you know "the good die young." — *The Yellow Book*.

"ARE there any horseless carriages about here?" asked the fresh city bicycle chap of the farmer.
"No," replied the hayseed, stroking his whiskers; "nor donkeyless bicycles, either." — *Yonkers Statesman*.

Two Sunday-school picnics last week brought a nice rain. — *West Union Gazette*.

PRIMUS.—Old Sour over there looks the picture of despair.
SECUNDUS.—Yes; and he's in an ugly frame of mind besides. — *Yale Record*.

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Styles now Ready

Hawes Guaranteed **HATS**
Derbies and Soft Hats, \$3.50
Opera and Silk Hats, \$6.00 OVER.

LADIES' TAILOR-MADE CLOTH HATS, \$2.50 & \$5.00
LADIES' ROUND, DRESS AND OPERA HATS.

WE ARE LONG-DISTANCE HATTERS.
If, by chance, you live where "Hawes Hats" are not on sale, the U. S. mail enables you to get one. Remit the price; give us your height, waist measure, and size of hat worn. State whether Soft, Silk, Opera or Silk Hat is wanted. Expressage prepaid on all orders. Money refunded, less express charges, in all cases if hats are not satisfactory.

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DEGREES OF GENIUS.
"Our typewriter girl is awfully clever; she can sharpen lead-pencils."
"Pooh! Ours can beat that. She has five clerks in the office dying to sharpen them for her." — *Detroit Free Press*.

WHEN people become too old to go to picnics, and are not invited, they say they have too much sense to go. — *Atchison Globe*.

HE.—I dislike to see a woman standing up in a street-car.

SHE.—Yes; I've noticed you manage to get a newspaper in front of you at such times. — *Yonkers Statesman*.

JULIET.—Did you ever study the stars?
ROMEO.—I've understood them. — *Yonkers Statesman*.

IF YOU'RE A PIPE SMOKER
A TRIAL
WILL CONVINCE THAT
GOLDEN SCEPTRE
IS PERFECTION

SEND 10¢ FOR SAMPLE PACKAGE
1 lb 1.30, 1/4 lb 40¢
POSTAGE PAID
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Fanny Davenport writes: "Vin Mariani has been the most wonderful tonic for me; it is unequalled."

READY RECKONING.
MR. ISAACS.—Vot you learn at school to-day, eh?

SMALL SON.—I learned how to compute interest at seven per cent.

MR. ISAACS.—Dot is goot. Now all you haff to do is add one nought an' den you haff de interest at seventy per cent. — *New York Weekly*.

"VERE Y' ARE!" yelled the newsboy; "all 'bout the big murder!"

"I wonder," said Mr. Theophilus Prim, reflectively, "what sort of thing a little murder would be?" — *Washington Capital*.

THE Keeley Cure

Alcohol, Opium, Tobacco Using

Produce each a disease having definite pathology. The disease yields easily to the Double Chloride of Gold Treatment as administered at the following Keely Institutes.

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WATKESHA, WISC.

SAVED.
STEERSMAN (during exciting yacht race). — Man overboard! Shall we stop, or let him drown?
CAPTAIN (promptly). — We must stop and pick him up. It's against the rules to drop any ballast during a race. — *N. Y. Weekly*.

"MAMA," said the pretty young parvenue, "what do they mean by codfish aristocracy?"

"I don't know, dear," replied her mother placidly, "less it's folks that pay fer everything C. O. D." — *Washington Capital*.

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FORETHOUGHT ON THE RIALTO.

"What button is that you're wearing?"
"Of the Good Roads Association."

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PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

Poor Blood

When a horse is poor in flesh, a new harness won't give him strength. If a house is cold new furniture won't warm it. If your strength is easily exhausted; work a burden; nerves weak; digestion poor; muscles soft; if you are pale and worn out, the trouble is with the blood. It is not so much IMPURE blood as POOR blood. Pills won't make this blood rich; nor will bitters, nor iron tonics, any more than a new harness will give strength to the horse, or new furniture will make a house warm. For poor blood you want something that will make rich blood.

SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites is the best remedy in the world for enriching the blood.

We have prepared a book telling you more about the subject. Sent Free. For sale by all druggists at 50c. & \$1.00.

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We originated and own this trade-mark. No camera is a "Kodak" unless manufactured by the Eastman Kodak Company.

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If it isn't our make, it isn't a "Kodak."

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10c. ALL DEALERS. 10c.



HE.—What a terrible time they made about that kidnapping affair in Albany, did n't they?

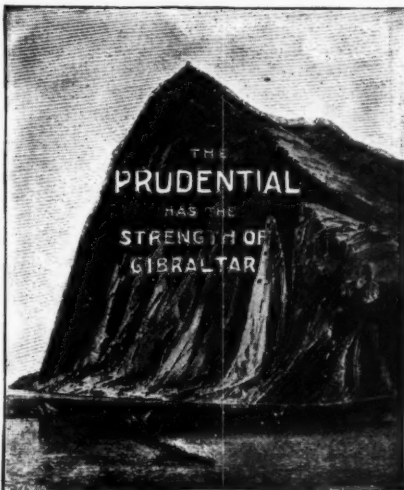
SHE.—I should say so! They could n't have made any more fuss if it had been a bicycle that had been stolen.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

LAMENT.

Stripped branches sway before the
chilling wind;

The Frost King's breath has left all
sere the wold.

Ah! grief is mine; for now, alas! I find
That my new '97 wheel is old!



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Largest Increase in Income of Any Life
Insurance Company in the United States

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is put into the bottle
until after it has
ripened for two years
in the wood.

— Only one of the good
things about
Evans' India Pale Ale.

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Established 1786,
Brewery and Bottling Works,
HUDSON, N. Y.



ANOTHER LONG-FELT WANT.

CUSTOMER.—My wife has been pestering the life out of me to get her an easy - chair. She 's always nagging about something, and if it is n't a chair it 'll be something else, and it 's hardly worth while getting one; but, still, I thought I 'd drop in so as to see what you had. She 'll be sure to ask.

FURNITURE DEALER.—Here, sir, is a chair so perfectly easy and comfortable that she 'll fall asleep the minute she touches it.

CUSTOMER.—Cracky! I 'll take it.
—*New York Weekly*.

Ambrose Thomas writes: "I join Charles Gounod in singing praises of that admirable tonic, 'Vin Mariani.'"

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IN THE LONG AGO.

PURITAN YOUTH (*Sunday evening, long ago*).—Prithee, Priscilla, thinkest thou it be truly goodly for married folks to kiss on Sunday?

PURITAN MAIDEN.—I fear not; but thou knowest we be not married yet.
—*New York Weekly*.

BOKER'S BITTERS

An appetizer, promotes digestion, cures dyspepsia, and delicious in drinks.

SHE.—Your friend Owen seems to have run into debt pretty deep.

HE.—Run into debt? He scorched.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

SILVER and the Philadelphia base-ball team are running a race to see which can fall the lower. So far honors appear to be about even.—*Norristown Herald*.

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It runs from New York to Buffalo,
Every day in the week, but Sunday you know;
At a speed so great,
Through the Empire State,
As to earn for its line
The title sublime ---- of
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"The New York Central leads the world"
Leslie's Weekly

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Mr. HOCKHEIMER. — Ach! Mein Gott, Shkop, v' you waste your time offer der foolish pook — over der crazy fool business about dot palministry. Dot vill neter do you no good voteler. HOCKHEIMER, JR. — Oh! don't worry, Fader — it maybe comes in handy some day.



Mr. HOCKHEIMER (after trying it vainly for over an hour to fit customer with hat). — Vail, don't go, mein friend! I see vot I gan do.



Mr. HOCKHEIMER (in anguish). — Oh! Shkop, mein sohn! Dish vas awful. I loose me a customer. Ebery hat in der store ish too pig for his head. Vot vill I do me? HOCKHEIMER, JR. — Calm yourself, Fader. I tries vot I gan do.



"Good morning, Mister. Oh! yes; dot hat vas entirely too pig. Say! Mister, did you effer hear about dot science of palministry, 'vot deils your fortune py der lines on your hand? Gif me your hand, I tells you.



"You vas pohn under a lucky planet. Your line of life vas goot undt long, you vill live to old age.



"Your power for knowledge is enormously developed. You vill become a brilliant man — a scholar, a statesman, perhaps der President. You vas a pohn leader of men — like Napoleon.



"You have great powers of concentration and determination — you vill succeed in voteler you undertakes.



"Fader, you must have made some mistakes. Any of dese hats vill fit der great schenickmann. Give me a larger size. Goot."



Mr. HOCKHEIMER (falling on his son's neck). — Oh! mein sohn, der pride of mein life. I dakes you in bartership to-morrow.

F. M. Hockheimer.